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WINTERBOURNE-STOKE STILL WILD - FEB. 1915



KIDDO

Kidido was originally in the Machine Gun Section, and being very badly behaved was transferred to 'C' Squadron. Not doing very well in the ranks as a troop horse, Major MacMillan thought she would look very nice with his trumpeter aloft. After the incident illustrated above she shied into a motor lorry in Shrewton, putting said trumpeter on light duty for two weeks and herself in the sick lines. A little later, in Sussex, en route to a pow wow at conclusion of a big "scheme" she charged through the General Staff. All this took place within one month, and Kidido, though as gentle as a lamb, was finally cast from the Regiment at Maresfield Park, as "VICIOUS AND UNMANAGEABLE."

EDITORIAL



Last month's issue of "The Goat," I am sure, caused much comment, grammar, spelling and punctuation were lost sight of temporarily. This issue will be better. We feel here in St. Johns, that if the 'Scribes' in Toronto with all the advantages they enjoy in the way of education et al, would only send us more copy we could soon rectify the shortcomings mentioned in starting.

This month the chap we are after, is the expired subscriber, we know he has not expired, only his subscription to "The Goat."

Now as "The Goat" is publish-

ed without expense to the Department of National Defence, the only revenue we enjoy is that received from our subscribers and from advertising, we are absolutely dependent on your ever loyal support and feel sure that the letter enclosed in this month's issue, to those concerned, will bear fruit.

Our advertizers report, in some cases a not too generous support from the Regiment, let us ever think of them and if any business can be sent their way don't go elsewhere. Boost their products, as they are boosting "The Goat" by advertising in it.

Personal & Regimental

St. Johns.

Lieut.-General Sir A. C. Macdonell, K.C.B., C.M.G., D.S.O. and Lady Macdonell spent a few days in St. Johns, the guests of Mr. and Mrs. W. Gillespie.

The Officer's of the Garrison held their regular monthly Mess night on Jan. 31st. Lieut.-Gen. Sir A. C. Macdonell was the guest of honor.

On Monday February 3rd, Lt.-Gen. Sir A. C. Macdonell visited the Barracks, renewing old acquaintances. He visited all the quarters, stables and institutions and expressed himself as very well pleased with all he saw, later he had Luncheon with all the Officers, and met the Officers attending the R.C.S. of Cavalry and Infantry.

Has anyone solved last month's mystery yet? "Moon Mullins" has offered a return ticket to Montreal to anyone who can tell him just where "Lord Plushbottom" goes to at night.—Say "Moon" just you have a walk to the back of the O.R., enter the door, walk along a very short passage, very quickly pass the door to your left or you

take a chance of losing your pass, climb a few stairs, a sharp turn to the right and the door facing you, knock very gently in case the O.C. hears you, bring that return ticket with you and I'll tell you which "Pub" it is.

Cpl. "Heavy" being observed sneaking into the barracks room one dark night, thought that he was unnoticed. When asked what he had, his explanation of being in possession of an "Imperial Quart" was, "Oh! I put moth balls in it to soak, then I rub my feet for rheumatism, and besides my h-Ant she's gone now then am go myself to Valleyfield see. Hope you have a Thwell time "Heavy."

It is a positive fact something will have to be done soon towards making our worthy Librarian more contented. He is still in an awful way with himself, insisting that the price of cigarettes is positively scandalous." It was alright when we had matches given with each package, but now, Holy Smoke, I really can't afford to buy any, and I can't bum even one." Never mind John,—human nature never is what it was, and never will be what it is.

All of "The Braves" appear to be much more contented now that they are on the "Tack,"—strange but it is so, they have been on it for a month now—but still the price of a new Ford is sky high "Hank."

"Moon Mullins" will have a nervous breakdown soon if he does not get a staff job. He is—at least he says he is—quite willing to take a chance at anything but singing.

The domestic situation in the Third Troop, has changed considerably this last month. "Sailor" gives us frequent lectures on how much money we should put in the bank at the end of each month. Liquor is in the same classification as Anti-Freeze, and if we still keep on drinking it it will knock us cold. How come "Sailor?"

Pte. Tommy Rolands, The R.C. R. is not what he used to be. He is certainly taking life much more solemnly now. After reading the latest news on the present Naval Conference, he is scared stiff in case the powers-that-be, put his Ford in the Armoured Car Category.

Look out the second troop. "Barney Google" has a surprise in store, and if it takes place, well the age of miracle has not yet passed.

Random Notes.

Ancient History

The fire place in the North anti-room of the Officers Mess at Stanley Barracks is being renovated which necessitated the removal of the woodwork and mirror which surmounts it. Upon its removal a number of cards, etc, which had evidently slipped down behind it at one time or other were discovered. A brief description of some of these might be of interest to officers who was stationed here about 1907-9. A leather frame case detailing Officers for duty as Pres. and Vice-President contained a card written in Col. Bowie's handwrit-

ing showing Lieutenant F. Gilman, R.C.D., now Lt.-Col. and Ex. C.O. of the regiment as detailed for Vice-President. This was written upon the reverse of a P.C. Card from Captain (now Major-General) Bethune Lindsay, R.C.E.

A letter dated January 25th, 1907 to Lieut.-Col. Hemming, The R.C.R. (father of the present officer commanding "B" Company R.C.R.) from W.O. Tidswell (father of Major J. E. H. Tidswell, R.C.A.S.C.)

A notice from the Toronto Hunt dated 1907 giving their hunting appointments for the season as follows:

Tuesday, October 2nd—Lambton Mills.

Saturday, October 26th—Gates Hotel, Newmarket.

Tuesday, October 29th—Tadmorden Hotel, Tadmorden.

Thursday, October 31st—The Kennels, Scarborough.

Saturday, November 2nd—Chudleigh.

Tuesday, November 5th—The Pines Hotel.

Saturday, November 9th—The Guns, Queens Park.

Tuesday, November 12th—Oulcott's Hotel, Eglinton.

George Beardmore, M.F.H.

Notices from the Canadian Military Institute issued by S. Percy Biggs, Capt. Hon.-Sec. announcing that Mr. F. Onondyoh Loft A Mohawk of the Six Nation Indians will deliver an address on "The Militarism of the Indian Yesterday and Today." On Monday, February 15th, 1909 and that Col. E. T. Taylor Commandant, R.M. C. Kingston, would superintend a War Game to be held on Monday 15th March 1909. An invitation card to a Mess Dinner issued in the name of the V.R.I. by Colonel Buchan and the Officers Royal Canadian Dragoons and Royal Canadian Regiment. A Christmas Card dated 1909 from Lt.-Col. R. Belcher, C.M.G. and officers of the 19th The Alberta Mounted Rifles (now Dragoons.)

More Ancient History

Mrs M. Drury received from the



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letter carrier at her residence 93 Tyndall Avenue, Toronto, on Monday, January 24th, 1930, a postal card which had been posted to her from Riverside, California, on April 11th, 1915. The card was addressed to her maiden name Miss Dorothy Farwell, at Sherbrooke, Quebec and had been re-directed from that City. The card having been approximately 15 years reaching its destination. The card was not soiled and all post marks were legible. Some postal clerk in Montreal, probably with a sense of humour, had affixed his stamp there on "Use Air Mail."

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In the Spotlight.

Toronto.

We notice that Shawnski is meeting with success as an author. His books are enjoying a large circulation in the Canteen.

The Squadron had several Fowl dinner around Christmas and New Year. Ambrose, our local half-wit, was heard to remark that all our dinners are that way.... Meaning which?

According to the Winter Fair We wonder if Roy has any more Logus Five-Spots.

We believe that Bill (Tiny himself,) has been using flowery note paper in his correspondence lately. We wonder who is the lucky girl?

Of late, we have not heard much about the Big Blonde Baby of St. Johns. (George.) We hope he has not gone South again.

Quack, Quack, Quack. Had the visit of Hee Munro, and Ross, to Carpo's Aunt anything to do with Heavy's Ducks?

We were very disappointed not to see "Miss Boy Blue" come up here with the 'A' Squ. team.

Shortly after the Inter Squadron Hockey match, several of the St. Johns brigade went to the Zoo. We sincerely hope they found their relations "At Home."

The Country Squad certainly showed us some fast hockey, and while we naturally thought we would win (before the game,) we give them every credit for their victory. But.... Watch our smoke, next year, you bunch of Farmers.

The Country Squad met with some trouble upon arrival at the Union Station. Carpo was shying at the street cars and had to wear blinkers, Ross had to be muzzled as he was very much inclined to run amok, and young Jewkes nearly broke his neck trying to look at the top of the Royal York Hotel.

"Mad-hooks" reign of terror at Christie St. is at an end. We believe he taught the orderlies up there a few new words.

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 22nd at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

Duffy is contemplating taking up Hockey, in an effort to improve the Squadron team. His only objection so far, being the fact that he is not allowed to wear football boots and a straw hat.

We wonder whether the present Asst. Editor remembers the Friday night "Indoor Sports" he used to indulge in whist in 'B' Squadron? Will he ever forget them.—Ed.

There is a lot of talk about a revival of "Queen Anne." We are awaiting further developments before we make a statement.

I am very sorry to have to tell you,—should have told you last month,—but it is a fact. We have a man here who is quite annoyed because he is not mentioned in "The Goat," and I suppose that if he is mentioned this month, he will rave outwardly but inwardly he will be quiet pleased with himself. I do not know very much about him, but I do know that he is at present keeping company with a dear thing that he went to school with a number of years ago, and that when "Queen Anne" is fixed up for a dance she looks charming. He sometimes has a good time in the Canteen and he is known as one of Linder's assets, but if he could only get the chance of getting back to St. Johns, how happy he would be. Cassidy.—pleased now. Sh—that is what I would call Blue Shadows, Jack.

We were particularly struck with the way our visitors acclimated themselves to City Life. After the game, and after they had removed the Hay from their hair and boots, a party went down to the Arena, and saw the Maple Leafs beat Detroit. Apart from a few "By Hecks," and by Crockys" they were a very well behaved lot.

"Pound—the Lug" is challenging Percy Williams title of "The World's Fastest Human." And

the Roughs are all behind him too.

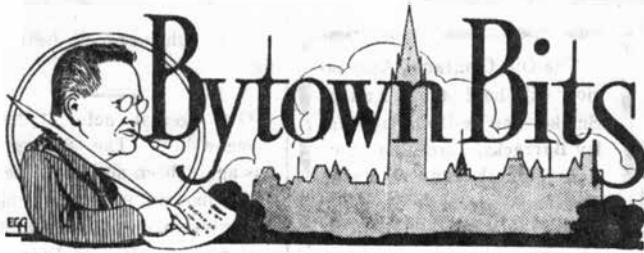
Our genial actor "Professor Macgowski" "The Strong Man" has again been active on the stage. This time we understand he gave a recitation at a kiddies concert, and recited "Ba Ba Black Sheep have you any Wool," this was thoroughly enjoyed by the kiddies and the "Professor" in response to the many demands for an encore replied with "Mary had a little lamb."

The Professor said in answer to the demands of the reporters for an interview "I always had an affection for lambs, even in my younger days, when I used to be dressed in "lamb wool" clothes, and my favorite dish for meals are who on seeing the imprints of ing for my weight lifting, my diet consists entirely of lamb chops, lamb, stew or anything lamby."

We must not forget to mention also our Stage Manager and Director "Nobby" who has money enough and to spare. In fact he has so much of this "filthy lucre" that only last week, he threw away his pay cheque. He is seriously considering buying out the Cavalry Barracks and opening it as a "Home for broken-down actors."

The soldier lay dying (he belonged to the Cavalry, but just didn't like horses) when asked if he had any special request to make he replied. "yes, I want my horse to follow me to the grave, then after the firing party have finished firing the three volleys of blank, I would like them to reload this time with ball ammunition and shoot the.... horse."

A section of Militia with one of our N.C.O.'s in charge was sent out on a reconnoitring patrol to Menard's corner to find out if a Squadron of cavalry could be shod there. They proceeded on their way and eventually found a forge, none of the personnel could speak French, but managed to make themselves understood. The Frenchman became very excited, evidently under the impression that about 90 horses were coming to him for shoeing and he said he would get in extra help right away. Imagine his discomfiture when told by our N.C.O. that is was n't real they were only playing.



To R.M.C.:—The end of January saw the departure of Colonel W. H. P. Elkins, D.S.O., from Headquarters to Kingston, where he assumed command of the Royal Military College in place of Brigadier C. F. Constantine who went to Saint John, N.B. Colonel Elkins vacated the post of Director of Artillery Training and will be missed in local circles. Many old timers in the Canadian Cavalry Brigade will remember him as he commanded the R.C.H.A., Brigade for two or three years.

Infantry Association:—The annual convention of the Canadian Infantry Association was held on the 17th and 18th of January. Delegates were present from all over Canada and some salient points were brought up at the meeting. The president for the year is Col. C. M. Edwards, D.S.O., and the Secretary Lieut.-Col. W. B. McHughlin, M.C., the Ottawa Highlanders.

Gave Dinner:—In recognition of the work done by the Warrant Officers, Staff Sergeants and Sergeants of the Governor General's Foot Guards, during the past year, the Officers of the Regiment tendered them a dinner at the Chateau Laurier on the 25th of January. The regiment came first in the Efficiency of Personal contest sponsored by the Canadian Infantry Association in 1929 heading all units in M.D. No. 3. The chair at the dinner was taken by Lieut.-Col. C. B. Topp, D.S.O., and speeches were delivered by him and Major J. C. Foy, who shortly assumes command of the unit. Major Foy has had over 25 years service and formerly was an Officer of the Royal Canadian Regiment.

United Service Institute:—The annual meeting of the Ottawa United Service Institute was held recently in the city and the Officers for the year elected. Colonel L. P. Sherwood, A.D.C., presided

and satisfactory reports were received on the work accomplished during the past year. The election of officers resulted in Brigadier General C. H. MacLaren, C.M.G., D.S.O., being appointed President for 1930.

Month of Meetings:—The month of February has always been a season for military conventions in Ottawa. The Dominion of Canada Rifle Association, the Canadian Artillery Association, The Military Engineers, the Army Medicals and the Army Service all hold sway and Officers from all parts of Canada gather at the Capital for a few days. When Lord Minto was Governor he started what came to be known as the Paardeburg dinner to which was invited all officers who had served with the Canadians in South Africa. Therefore the meetings always took place the week that the 27th fell in. That gave South African officers a chance to attend the meeting of their association and also the dinner. Transport warrants were quite easy to procure in those days and as a result there was usually a full crop every year. The Cavalry always held their meeting that week but of late years they have adopted a practice of moving across country, probably with a true cavalry spirit in view, that of reconnaissance. Anyway there was usually a hectic seven or eight days and a constant stream of soldiers from the Russell bar to their rooms and later to the Chateau was the order of the day. The old Russell, the scene of many gatherings always saw at least six association dinners during the week and the permanent guests at the hotel who happened to be living in the close proximity to the dining room were usually rather glad when March came in.

Welcomed General:—A pleasant evening was spent in the mess of the Governor General's Foot Guards, when a number of senior officers of the garrison were in-

vited to meet Brigadier General A. H. Bell, C.M.G., D.S.O., who has recently taken over the post of Adjutant General. The guest was introduced by Lieut.-Col. C. Beresford Topp, D.S.O., A.D.C., and after a short address of welcome General Bell replied expressing his pleasure in meeting officers of the Ottawa units.

P.L.D.G. Sports:—Sports of all sorts have taken up a good deal of time with the regiment this winter. The Basket Ball team are in the Junior City league and have won 8 games out of 10 which puts them in first place. Sergeant R. E. Dennison of "A" Squadron is the manager with Ernie Stanyar formerly of "A" Squadron, R.C.D., as coach. The hockey team is in the Military League and is managed by Lieut. S. C. MacLennan. This team are leading in their section of the league. The Badminton activities are looked after by S.S. Major A. Gibbard and have a good membership. At camp last year the regiment won the Eastern Canadian Championship in the Military Soft Ball League.

Provisional School:—At present Captain L. D. Hammond, R.C.D., is conducting a provisional school at Ottawa and Pembroke for the P.L.D.G. S.M. Instructor Dowdell is in charge at Ottawa with 15 candidates and Sergt.-Instructor King at Pembroke with 10. Capt. Hammond spends a lot of time on the road between the two points and says he knows every telegraph pole by its first name.

The Carnival:—The week from February 1st to 8th was given over by the citizens of Ottawa to the spirit of carnival. Snowshoers from all over the Eastern Townships, Quebec city and the State of Maine invaded the capital to the strength of about 7000 and sure had one whale of a time. In the torchlight procession on the evening of the 1st I noticed the members of the St. Johns Club who looked very nice indeed, thank you and were by far the best lot on parade when it came to a majority of rosy cheeked girls. Skiing, skating and dog derby's made up a wonderful week that was blessed with zero weather and light snow falls. The dog derby was run three days each race being about 34 miles in length. The

one who made the best time for the three was Emile St. Goddard of Le Pas, Manitoba, who annexed the Chateau Laurier gold cup and

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a purse of \$1000.00. The prizes were presented by His Excellency the Governor-General at the carnival dance at the Chateau on the evening of the 6th.

Petawawa:—Geographical features named after Indian chiefs are numerous in Canada and it is exactly 100 years since the first appearance on a map of the name Petawawa. According to the records of the Geographical Board of Canada, Petawawa River occurs on a map made by Colonel John By who built the Rideau Canal and whom Bytown now Ottawa was named after. Hence Bytown Bits. The name is of course as every soldier knows applied to the training camp up the Ottawa River. The Indiana Chief Petawawa is said to have hunted that region and the meaning of the name is "the sound is coming" or "approaching sound." To members of the P.F., who have to bake all day and freeze all night for three months or so every year in the brule country, some more expressive meaning of the word might be applied.

Old Time Thoughts:—The other day I was walking down the street when the wail of a fire siren sounded behind and in a minute or so Lieut. Billy Maxwell with No. 8 crew whizzed by and the siren died away in the distance. Billy, the old timers will remember, had that swell bay team on the transport during the later years of the war and cleaned up pretty handsomely in all sports events. He was a crack driver on the Fire Department before enlisting and that helped him out when it came to driving in competition. What I started out to say was that it called to mind a little poem that appeared in the Montreal Star some years ago, but which always stuck in my memory. It ran something like this.

"I call to mind as a child one day
In the shadow of Phillips Place
And a tall young lad, whoever he was
With a frightened look on his face.
He pulled the hook on the red fire
box
Over beside the square
And it seemed so long for a fire to
burn
As we stood and waited there.
Then far off came the sound of a bell,
and a nearer clearer sound,
And a big bay horse with a red hose
reel came turning the corner
round.

Old Captain Mann in his white shirt
sleeves
Sat on the driver's seat
And the fire, they said, was on Bel-
mont.
Down at the foot of Hanover Street
They ride today in their motors
grand
To the swell of a sirene drone
But I like to think of the red hose
reel
And the bell with the silver tone
And I like to think of Old Captain
Mann
As he looked on that summer's day
Ever the years had passed along
And I was a child at play
And I like to think of the big bay
horse
And the sound of the horse's feet
As he galloped away with the firemen
Down to the foot of Hanover Street."

Letters to the Editor.

Sergeant's Mess, P.L.D.G.
Laurier Ave., Ottawa.
Editor "The Goat," R.C.D.
Stanley Barracks,
Toronto, Ont.

Dear Sir:

Please find enclosed money order for \$2.00 to cover two subscriptions for the ensuing year for the Sergeant's Mess, your magazine is read with interest and enjoyed by all members of this Mess.

Yours respectfully,

C. R. Lee,
R.S.M., P.L.D.G.

Hamilton, Ont., Feb. 5th, 1930

Editor "The Goat",
St. Johns, Que.

Dear Sir:

In order to insure the uninterrupted arrival of your monthly issue, I enclose herewith 1.00 as a renewal of my subscription.

Allow me to congratulate you and your staff on your most interesting magazine, which, I enjoy thoroughly and the arrival of which I anticipate with the utmost pleasure.

I am afraid that I have no news for you from this City. I have not seen any of the old comrades for some time with the exception of course, of Hugh Wardrope, of whom I see a great deal.

Every wish for the continued success of "The Goat."

Yours sincerely,

A. J. Crerar.

ST. JOHNS DISTRICT FOOT- BALL LEAGUE.

278 Cousins Street,
St. Johns, Que., 18th, Jan. 1930.
Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O.
Cavalry Barracks,
City.

Dear Sir:

The Officers and members of the above League, wish to express their sincere thanks to you, for the use of the Football Field, for their games and also for the use of your concert hall.

Will you also convey our thanks to all the other Officers in the Barracks.

I remain,
Yours respectfully,
C. Maxwell, Sec.-Treas.

Following is a translation by Major R. S. Timmis, D.S.O., of two letters in French concerning the Barracks at St. Johns, that will interest our readers. The spelling is old French. His Majesty, refers to Louis XV, and Bigot is the gentleman who was noted for his shady handling of the funds entrusted to him and was no doubt responsible for his forces not doing the work they were expected to do.

"MM Galissoniere and Bigot to the minister.

Dated 26 Sept. 1748

The fort of St. Therese Rapid has benn entirely abandoned, a part of the material has benn transported to St. Jean and has aided in construction of another fort in this neighbourhood which is found above all the rapids.

The Fort St. Jean is situated above the rapids and the barque which navigates on Lake Champlain moors by the fort and winters at the gates of the fort. We will regard this establishment as one of the most useful which has benn made in the colony. However MM Galissoniere and Hocquart would not be determined to make it without waiting for our orders if they had expected a peace so soon. M. Bigot renders you with an account which should have benn made this year as regards this fort and the road!

"Commission which judges limits of Fort St Jean close to Montreal. Dated 1st April 1749.

Rolland Michel Barrin, Count Galissonin, Military Governor. Francois Bigot.

In consequence of the orders of His Majesty we have made construction on the edge of the River St. Jean above Chambly, a fort to house a garrison, and being necessary to reserve for the King a convenient neighborhood, as much for the security of the fort and to be able in the future to form a village to the neighborhood, as for to make the fields and to sow the grain for the wants of the garrison, we have reserved and we will reserve in the name of His Majesty an extent of land twenty arpents frontage on each side of the said fort, along the side of the said river St. Jean, thirty on which he can make what establishments he may think proper, without being held to pay any indemnity for the use of such land. We request Sieur LaMorren-diere under engineer to report to St. Jean for to mark out the said place and plant four posts at the four extremities of which he will give verbal orders and which will be sent to us afterwards and a copy made here, so that the present ordonnance is returned to the officer commanding the said fort.

Made at Montreal this 1st day of April 1749."

A letter in English dated 1770 will also be of interest. An Arpent is 55 yards.

"In obedience to a warrant from the Honourable Theophilus Gramahe, Esquire, President of His Majesty's council and commander in Chief of the Province of Quebec to me directed, bearing date the 1st Sept. 1770.

I have surveyed and laid out His Majesty's land on which the Fort of St. Jean is built, and the ground depending thereon called the Banlieue (suburb) or precincts of the said fort, as appears by the Marquis Duquesnes' permission to the Baron of Longueuil bearing date 26 Feb. 1755.

Beginning at the South angle of the said fort fronting on the river St. Jean and runs due North 65 perches French measure, equal to 6 arpents to a stone boundary and from thence due west 80 perches, equal to 8 arpents, to a cedar post, and from thence due north one hundred and forty perches, equal to 14 arpents, to a cedar post and from thence due east 80 perches, equal to 8 arpents to a stone boundary and

from thence due south 60 perches equal 6 arpents to the north angle of the fort, thence along the front of the said fort 20 perches, equal to two arpents, to the first station making one hundred and twelve superficial arpents French measure including the ground on which the fort was built. Surveyed the 16th day of October 1770.

(Signed) John Collins D.S.G."

NOTE—Montreal was captured by the British in 1760, which date Canada became British. The independence of the United States was declared in 1776. The spelling of St. Johns is printed as shown on the original Manuscript. The different nomenclature of the river should also be noted. On an old plan dated 1749 the River was known as the Chambly River.

In connection with the history of St. Johns, the "Richelieu Valley" and events hereabouts in the past, our readers will recall with pleasure the article published in "The Goat" some years ago by the Rev. A. H. Moore. These articles are now published in book form entitled "The history of the Richelieu Valley" and can be purchased at 1.00 per copy at the office of "The News" St. Johns, Que.

OBITUARY

It is with deep regret that we publish in this issue of "The Goat" the notice of the death of Sgt. G. T. Harman, R.C.A.S.C. who died in the Military Hospital, St. Johns, Que., during the night of February 7th, after a short illness. Sgt. Harman, having been stationed here for a few years, endeared himself to all ranks, and his quiet manner and kindly smile will be greatly missed. His funeral took place on February 10th, with full Military honors. The firing party being furnished by the R.C.D. The pallbearers being furnished by his comrades in the R.C.D. The R.C.R. and R.C.A.S.C. M.D. No. 4 being represented by Major Spearing, R.C.A.S.C., all ranks who were not on duty attended which formed an imposing cortege, as they slowly marched to the Military Plot in St. Johns Cemetery. To Mrs. Harman and family through the medium of "The Goat" we wish to

Everything for WINTER SPORTS

Now is the time to select your

SKIS SKATES and CLOTHING

We have a very large and varied selection of everything for winter sports.

If you are out of town, just send us the size you wish and we shall send you goods that will please you at the price required.

Write for Price List.

Murray & Co. Inc.
1247 McGill College Ave.
Montreal.

The Canadian Bank of Commerce

St. Johns, P.Q. Branch

Soldier's Business

Money grows when deposited in our Savings Bank Department. A regular monthly Deposit of \$5 with this Bank will amount to \$188.37 at the end of three years.

Open an account now, we welcome small as well as large ones. Capital \$29,798,010—Surplus \$29,798,010.

express on behalf of all ranks, our heartfelt sympathy in their great loss.

CANADIAN ARTIST DIES

The death occurred in Quebec on January 27th of Charles Edouard Huot well known Canadian artist. He was born in Quebec and studied at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, Paris, under Cabanel. He received honorable mention at the Paris Exhibition in 1867 and won a silver medal in the Paris Black and White Exhibition in 1888. His picture "Habitant Plowing, Quebec" hangs in the National Gallery, Ottawa. This item is of Regimental interest as Mr. Huot painted the portrait of our first

Commanding Officer, Lt.-Colonel Turnbull, R.C.D., which now hangs in the Garrison Club at Quebec, and a copy of which was painted by Mr. Allan Barr and presented to the Officers of the Regiment by Major E. A. Heathrington.

Junior Week, 1899: "Shall we join the ladies?"

The same, 1929: "Where the hell's my woman?"

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 22nd at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

Reminiscences of Service with the Royal Canadian Dragoons.

By Major R. B. Nordheimer, M.C.

Chapter IX

The period spent by the Canadian Cavalry Brigade in and behind the line at Neuve Eglise, was a very pleasant one after our somewhat harrowing experiences at Festubert and Givenchy. Our move up the line from Givenchy, was not rapid, though by this time, we had become accustomed to marching and packs were considerably lighter than on our first move. Experience had taught most of the Officers and other ranks that it was not necessary to be equipped on the line of march with everything one possessed and in consequence, 'B' Echelon was more extensively used for surplus kit. In addition, most of the Officers discarded the rifle on the march and figured that for their own dignity it was

SOUTH AFRICAN PADRE DIES

Many veterans of the South African War and in fact all who knew him will regret the passing away in Quebec in December last of Chaplain, Hon.-Lt.-Col. the Rev. Father P. M. O'Leary, Father O'Leary was Padre of the 2nd Bn. The Royal Canadian Regiment during the South African War and remaining on the Active List until the time of his death being Chaplain of the Royal Rifles of Canada.

BRITISH "TIN HAT" INVENTOR IS DEAD

Bournemouth, England, Jan. 10.—Alfred Bates, inventor of the steel helmet or "tin hat" as soldiers call it during the war, died here while bathing.

A member of a Halifax firm of art metal workers, Bates devised the steel helmet when casualty lists from flying shrapnel were heavy. The helmets probably saved millions of lives and came to be regarded with affection by the Tommies many of whom still keep them in their homes converted into various uses.

more becoming to carry a cane than a weapon, the handling of which caused many a grin to spread over the faces of the N.C.O's.

At Kemmel we had our first encounter with the 2nd Canadian Division in the form of a battalion of the Canadian Mounted Rifles. With the usual keen foresight on the part of our Brigade Staff, we had been allotted an area already occupied by these gallant stalwarts and quarters were necessarily somewhat cramped. The junior officers of the Regiment had been directed to a somewhat exposed house where they could rest their weary feet and discuss the aptitude of the "Higher Command" for obtaining the very best in billets. An advance detachment consisting of Wilkes, Jarvis, Fisher, Muirhead and several others, including the writer, entered the dwelling and found ensconced therein, a fat Brigadier of the C.M.R. and his staff satellites. In a few well chosen words we made our simple wants known and awaited an invitation to partake of the ample repast which was spread on the table. So much for our insight. Our embryo host, the Brigadier, whose face was almost the colour of his staff badges, glared at us and told us none too politely to "Get the H-ll out of here." Our indignant responses that we were in our allotted area, made no impression and Falstaff simply pondered over a huge map and pointed with his stubby thumb, at a mark in crayon. Wilkes, always the debonnair and courteous, solemnly strode forward and with "Supposing we examine the map right side up" added fuel to the flames. In the meantime having espied a staircase to upper regions, the rest of us consigned the Brigadier and his help to the lower ones, and climbed unmolested towards the attic, followed by imprecations from Falstaff.

Jarvis spent the night sleeping in the garden among the flowers and bugs, but the rest of us made ourselves fairly comfortable and in the morning awoke, removed the coverings from the windows be-

fore leaving and were delighted to learn that the place was heavily shelled as a result, the following night. We never had the pleasure of meeting this gallant soldier again as he was shortly removed from his command and sent back to Canada in spite of his plaintive plea to General Alderson," See here General, I ain't going to be shelved."

Aldershot Huts was our happy home behind Neuve Eglise, and except for plenty of mud, it was not too bad. When we took over our sector, things were exceedingly quiet and the Heinies even had become used to showing themselves boldly from time to time. Their parapets were built with colored sand bags and detection of individuals with shirts to correspond was almost impossible. The motto seemed to be 'Live and let live' and in this spirit we set about strengthening our trenches and digging communication and support trenches practically unmolested. To our immediate front, the ground sloped gently to a dried up stream and then up again to the first Hun trenches. From here, the ground rose rapidly to part of the Messines Ridge, with the village of Messines, partly visible over the crest. A ruined farm house lay on our immediate left front and numerous trees grew in "No man's Land." Taken in all, it was a delightful locality and showed few of the battle torn scars we had become accustomed to.

In due course 'B' Squadron moved into the line and after the usual routine of "taking over" the stores and trench equipment, so delightfully and realistically portrayed in that great war drama "Journey's End" settled down to a quiet term. The parapets were badly in need of repair and with the co-operation of the Engineers, corrugated iron was procured for dug-outs and sand bags by the hundreds were soon in evidence. It did not take the Huns long to realize that the situation had changed and feverish activity was soon evident among them. We could hear them working away at night and one by one trees disappeared and logs became part of their trench line. A road from Neuve Eglise to Messines, ran through the trench lines and was, of course, barricaded at both systems. A deep ditch ran down both sides of it and patrols were frequently sent out to see

what the enemy was doing. Some time later on, a gun from the R.I.I. A. brought up at night and the Hun barricade was demolished at point blank range, a proceeding that was as well conceived as it was carried out by the intrepid gunners.

One day, General Seeley, our Brigadier, decided to employ some heavy howitzers to demolish the ruined farm which lay just outside the German first trench line. I am under the impression that they were under the command of a "Lord Percy" a friend of the Brigadier's, and great hopes were entertained that this hornets nest would be completely obliterated. When the time arrived, a muffled roar announced the arrival of the first shot, but much to our amazement, the burst took place about 200 yards from the objective. In all, I believe, fifteen or twenty rounds were fired by the gallant battery but to my recollection none found the mark and our respect for the "Howie's" vanished. All we got out of it was a bitter retaliation from the Hun artillery whose marksmanship, unfortunately, was far more accurate.

The support line troops occupied a vacant farm 300 yards from the support line and immediately in line with the Reserve Line of trenches which extended from Hill 60, to the farm. While occupying this farm, Major Bell, Jarvis and myself, had a narrow escape from disaster. An unusually heavy shelling of the rear area by the Hun batteries just as we were having lunch in the dilapidated kitchen caused us to wander forth to investigate. During our absence a shell burst on the roof and on our return we found our table covered with plaster and a large flask which I carried for medicinal purposes, which had been lying on the table with the cup half drawn, riddled with pieces of shrapnel. Fortunately, the cup only was riddled and the flask itself, (with contents,) was uninjured.

While occupying this sector of the line, the C.M.R. Brigade was sent in for some instruction and the 2nd Canadian Division took over part of the line on our immediate left. While entertaining the C.M.R. Battalion, the usual pranks were played, one of the favorite ones being to conduct a party up the communication trench and impressing them with the importance

of repeating all communications received from the front, to those in rear. The fun would start, and a series of informative messages would be passed down such as: "Working Party on our Left," "Wire overhead," "Dug-out on our right," "Flare on our Front," etc., etc. Usually the innocent victims would pass every message back as it was received and wonder what it was all about.

Bailleuil, our nearest heaven to civilization, was much sought after by those in search of adventure and it provided all that the weary could desire or purchase with the scanty dole dished out semi-monthly by the 'Pay-Master Mess Carts were much in evidence on its cobbled streets and good wine and food was neither difficult to purchase nor hard to obtain. Baths were another luxury much sought after and bathing parties were a weekly occurrence to the places designated, where de-lousing took place and clean underwear was provided. Officers were forced to find their own bathing centres, which were in consequence widely scattered, though whether clean underwear

was provided or not, it was no uncommon sight to view a manly figure shadowed on the window shades, if any, clad in his undergarments, and somewhat less frequently, I actually saw Officers leaving hastily, clad only in B.V. D's. though I must admit that they had the decency to leave by other means than the front entrance.

In spite of many working parties, life was not too fraught with dangers especially emanating from the Hun, and our sojourn around Messines will be looked back on with happy memories for many. I cannot close this chapter without relating an incident which establishes without a shadow a doubt, the hardness of our Junior Officers. "Baldy" Muirhead had been designated to run a bombing school with Newcomen and Irving as embryo bombers. Having acquired some excellent Scotch Whiskey, they were all set to have a good evening together. Unfortunately, no soda was obtainable but not to be defeated by so small a detail, the intrepid trio purchased some champagne at the local Es-

taminet and using it in place of soda, concocted a beverage that for potency, came close to being up to Prohibition Bourbon. The result was somewhat in the nature of a disaster and a 'No School today' sign was hung out the following morning.

About this time, I was recalled to England and attached to the Staff of the Director of Recruiting and Organization, Colonel Frank Reid, at Folkestone. The Canadian Cavalry Reserve Training Depot was at Shorncliffe and with Drafts from the R.C.D. L.S. H. and the Fort Gary Horse which had been sent there complete under Col. Patterson, I felt I was always closely in touch with the Regiment and had fully made up my mind to return to France with the advent of Spring.

The Younger Generation

"I hope that's a nice book for you to read, darling," said a conscientious mother to her very young daughter. "Oh, yes, mummy, it's a lovely book, but I don't think you would like it. It's so sad at the end!" "How is it sad, dear?" "Well, she dies, and he has to go back to his wife."

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 22nd at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

Scotchman Again

The dinner party was over. The men had all eaten heartily and expensively. In the corner of the table the lone Scotchman strove to make himself inconspicuous when the check arrived. Suddenly, to everyone's complete surprise, he spoke up "Just leave that check for me. I'll take care of it." They obeyed.

Item in next morning's newspaper--

SCOTCHMAN
MURDERS
VENTRILOQUIST

Right!

"How's the new revue? Would it be all right to take a nice girl to?" "Sure, it's a good clean show."

What I mean is it's alright. That is, not too dirty. Well, what do you expect nowadays, anyway?"

WALZEN PASTRY

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Sold by all Groceries in 98s., 49s., and 24s. bags.

R.C.D. Old Comrades Association.

Short Annual Report

Your Executive for the year 1929 have endeavoured to maintain the same efficiency as was displayed by their predecessors. Since the inception of our Association the activities which will be more fully itemized, were consistent with previous years, with but one or two exceptions.

At this time whilst gathered in Annual Convention the loss through death of Sgt. Dunbar, M. M., will be most intensely felt. Since the inception of the Association he was at all times a sincere and efficient member of the Executive and displayed a strong love for our Regiment and the many things it meant to him and ourselves, without which our Association would not exist. The Association turned out in goodly numbers for his funeral, and thus paid tribute to a true comrade.

Now to mention the usual social activities—Those who attended the Annual Smoker at Stanley Barracks will acclaim it just as good as ever. The orchestra was suited to the occasion, but professional vocal talent is not required. The pickles, onions, cheese etc, offered the usual amount of indigestion for those who partook of them, so they will be considered as already ordered for this year. The city of Toronto again helped us financially, as is their custom, for which we feel grateful.

The Association sent a wire to the Officers at St. Johns. The message was read at their dinner and appreciated. The Association contributed \$10 toward the Lambert Vacation Fund instigated by the Amputation Club and hereby acknowledge their kindness in allowing us the use of their club room for executive meetings.

On Decoration Day, May 24th, the Association as is usual decorated the South Africa and Northwest Rebellion monuments and the Cenotaph. The parade formed up at the Armouries in conjunction with the other Veteran organizations, marched to the S.A. and N. W. Rebellion monuments Queens

Park and University Ave. As we were the only organization that decorated the Cenotaph at the City Hall, it is now offered for your discussion whether this should cease on Decoration Day and allow the Armistice celebration to suffice. It is felt that some sort of admonition by the Executive to the members generally would be in order, owing to such a poor attendance on that day. We cannot afford to completely forget and abandon the memory of these members of the Regiment who fought during those hostilities. We should rever their memory no less on account of the magnitude of the last great war. No more than 10 members turned out on Decoration Day.

The Annual Picnic held at Stanley Barracks was favoured with fine weather and a poor attendance. The details with regard to arrangements were thoroughly gone into, your Association offered you a good time at a location easy of access. Not enough members attended after extensive advertising to offer encouragement to the committee. It was noted that most of the elderly and therefore sagacious members of the Association did attend, which spurs us on to a bigger and better picnic for 1930. Lets all go.

An innovation in the form of a Church Parade was deemed successful by those who attended. Members of the Association marched in rear of the Regiment under the command of Lieut. Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O., headed by the Q.O.R. Band. The salute was taken by Gen. Williams, who subsequently addressed the parade at Stanley Barracks on their return to Barracks. It was the first time many past and present members of the Regiment had seen the Guidon unfurled. The attendance of members at the Church Parade bespoke for its continuance another year.

These are the main happenings for 1929 and any suggestion with regard to the social, financial or general welfare of our Association will be welcomed at this meeting.

The annual business meeting of the Association, was held on Saturday, February 1st, at the Armouries, Toronto.

Owing to the unavoidable absence of our President, Lt. Col. D. B.

Bowie, D.S.O., the "chair" was taken by Major N. Medhurst, and the Association hereby take this opportunity of thanking him for the masterly manner he performed his duty. He was ably assisted by our Vice-Pres. Mr. C. Morrison.

The meeting opened with a lusty rendition of the National Anthem followed by that flight in thoughts to distant parts, a mental roll call in fond remembrance of those you could best recall, who gave their all. Thoughts travelled in this meeting to the Veldt of South Africa or to the name of a place in France or Flanders. All the outcome of a moment full of recollections, instituted to revere the memory of those who did not return, called a one minute silence.

The Secretary then read the minutes, followed by the Annual Financial Statement 1929. The Vice Pres., then called for the Secretary's Annual report to read, which included letters from all parts of Canada and the United States, among which were communications from Maj.-Gen. MacBrien, Sgt. Chas. Othen, Lew Till, A. W. Keith, etc. A motion regarding the adoption of a flag or banner was not sustained, as its utility could not be defined however the Committee was constructed to obtain an emblem to be worn by individuals, and offer them for sale at the Smoker, this year. The Smoker Re-Union will be held on March 22nd at Stanley Barracks, and the big night is to be just the same type of frolic as last year. A good old get-together is guaranteed, so "Roll Up", and meet your former Troop mates, purchase your "Enos" beforehand, and come early and avoid by all means the Orange Crush. The Picnic is to be at Niagara-on-the-Lake this year instead of at Stanley Barracks, and is to be held if possible in conjunction with the Squadron sports usually held at Camp. It was remarked by one member present who has attended all our picnics, that a breezy boat trip, tops off a jolly good picnic wonderfully, and because he travels "Solo" can always blame the attendant nausea the following morning to that "Rough old Lake, etc.," or blame a certain Boat instead of a certain Brand, should an explanation be demanded. A vote of thanks was accorded to the members of the Regiment,

and our Vice-Pres., the former for the co-operation received at all times from members serving and to Mr. C. Morrison for the able way he has conducted the various affairs of the Association.

The following is the Executive for 1930:

President—Lt.-Col. D. B. Bowie, D.S.O.

Vice-Pres.—Mr. C. Morrison, by acclamation.

Sec.-Treas.—Sgt. Maj. Madden

Committee—Maj. N. Medhurst, Capt. T. A. James, Mr. George Simpkin, Mr. H. W. Heawood.

Auditors—R.S.M., H. E. Karcher, M.M., Mr. J. Sutherland.

Meeting adjourned at 10.35 p.m.

Among those who attended were the following:

A. F. Madden
M. H. Beatty
J. W. Harrison
W. Scholes
C. Sayger
F. Ackerman
J. Sutherland
G. W. MacKenzie
R. Davidson
T. D. Masey
G. Simpkin
E. W. Hare
J. Copeland
J. H. Langon
W. Brogg
F. G. Cole
W. G. Peace
J. Hilton
T. Page
J. Walker
H. Scott
T. A. James
A. E. Cross
J. Jones
C. Morrison
H. W. Heawood
E. T. Kent
G. Walton
W. Proctor
N. Medhurst
G. Hopkinson
Nelson
T. Doran
M. H. A. Drury
A. C. Mann
A. H. Brom
A. Nelson
R. Davies
C. Sturges
H. E. Karcher
J. McGregor
W. Stevens
H. C. W. Clark
G. MacGregor.



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Coarse cut for the pipe—Fine cut for cigarettes.



Who could forget anything which has
given so much pleasure and comfort,
through three score years and more.

Save the "Poker Hands" for valuable presents.

"The **TOBACCO** *of* **QUALITY***"*

ROYAL CANADIAN DRAGOONS OLD COMRADES ASS'N.

ANNUAL STATEMENT

1929

Receipts

| Date | From | |
|---------|-------------------------------------|----------|
| 1-1-29 | Bal. er Bank of Montreal | \$208.63 |
| 13-2-29 | Refund from Picnic Niagara 1928 | 6.50 |
| 29-9-29 | Grant from City of Toronto Re-Union | 184.10 |
| 29-9-29 | Refund Stanley Barracks Canteen | 9.50 |
| 3-9-29 | Entrance Fee Re-Union | 143.00 |
| 3-9-29 | Membership Fees 1929 | 144.00 |
| 9-12-29 | Over deposit by Sec | 50 |

Total—\$696.23

Expenditures

| | | |
|----------|---------------------------------------|----------|
| 15-2-29 | G. L. MacGregor, Printing | \$10.82 |
| 25-3-29 | Can. Tumbler, Co., glasses | 11.90 |
| 6-4-29 | Stanley Barracks Canteen, Reunion | 24.45 |
| 6-4-29 | G. Musgrave, Orchestra, Re-union | 34.00 |
| 12-9-29 | Sgts. Mess, Beverages | 71.91 |
| 13-4-29 | Hire Piano, Re-union | 5.00 |
| 13-4-29 | T. Duff, Decoration, Reunion | 2.00 |
| 30-4-29 | Adv. Star (Dunbar) | 4.00 |
| 13-5-29 | Florist, Wreath (Dunbar) | 20.00 |
| 15-5-29 | Adv. Telegram (Dunbar) | 3.40 |
| 15-5-29 | Lambert Vacation Fund | 10.00 |
| 27-6-29 | Wreaths, Decoration Day | 30.00 |
| 13-7-29 | Adv. Telegram, Decoration Day | 3.20 |
| 21-8-29 | Prizes, picnic | 42.05 |
| 23-8-29 | Secretary, Stamps for mailing, Picnic | 6.00 |
| 27-8-29 | R. Draper, Grocer, Picnic | 20.00 |
| 19-9-29 | Adv. Telegram, Picnic | 1.14 |
| 18-11-29 | Band G.O.R. Church Parade | 45.00 |
| 3-12-29 | Adv. Telegram, Church Parade | 21.00 |
| 9-12-29 | Adv. Star, Church Parade | 27.00 |
| 31-12-29 | Total Check Issued | \$413.95 |
| 30-3-29 | E. Bruce, Entertainer, Re-union, Cash | 10.00 |
| 30-3-29 | A Yule, Entertainer Reunion, cash | 10.00 |
| 1929 | Other cash expenses | 13.25 |
| 31-12-29 | Bank Bal | \$249.03 |

Total—\$696.23

ARTHUR F. MADDEN
Sec.-Treas. 1929.Audited by:
(Signed) H. E. KARCHER, R.S.M.
J. Sutherland.

Hockey.

Visit of Cavalry Barracks Hockey Team.

We were extremely glad to welcome the team from Cavalry Barracks, St. Johns, P.Q., who journeyed to Toronto over the weekend of February 1st to play matches against 'B' Sqn, R.C.D. and 'B' Coy. The R.C.R. at Stanley Barracks.

They had a busy week end, playing their game with 'B' Squadron on Saturday afternoon. Attending a dance which was given in their

honour in the mens mess in the evening, and playing their second game against 'B' Coy., R.C.R. on Sunday morning.

The friendly spirit and sportsmanship which existed throughout both games made them most enjoyable for both spectators and players. It is by friendly competition of this nature, between troops from various stations, that the splendid spirit of sportsmanship throughout the service is maintained.

A brief account of the games follows:

'A' Squadron, R.C.D. 6—

'B' Squadron, R.C.D. 2

As can be seen from the above

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39 Wellington St. E., Toronto 2, Ont.
Without obligating me, please send illustrated explanation of a 3-Way razor without extra charge.
Name _____
Address _____
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SHARPENS ANY MAKE OF RAZOR BLADE

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AGENTS! \$30 A DAY AND UP

KRISS-KROSS pays as high as \$30 a day and more to men who are willing to act as our representatives in their home localities. Spare-time workers often earn \$6-\$12 extra an evening.

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JAMES M. AIRD'S

AND

CAKES

The Bread with the flavour.

ANTHONY MOLE
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TORONTO
TELEPHONE—TRINITY 0333
PROMPT DELIVERY PRICES RIGHT

'A' Squdn. earned a sweet revenge for their defeat last year in St. Johns. Handling their hockey sticks with more dexterity and speed than any farmer has any right to handle a pitchfork, they dominated the play for the greater part of the game.

First Period:—

Carpenter secures from the face-off, but shoots over the boards. His elevation is very bad. 'A' are doing the attacking, and 'B' are feeling them out. Black and Galloway combine, but the latter could not beat d'Orseunens. Ross takes a pass from Carpenter, but misses an open goal. Black goes through alone, but is pulled up short at the defence. After 8 minutes of play, Carpenter who has been trying hard to get the range on the 'B' goal, scores from right wing. The shot was only seen by very few, and the 'B' custodian was not one of them. Immediately after the face-off, Carpenter repeats the performance, making the score 2-0 for 'A'. This man is surprising everybody up here, as we never associated his name with speed of any sort.

Galloway goes through alone, but is brought down by the 'A' defence. The 'A' forwards are showing some pretty combination, but are inclined to get ahead of the play. Munro H. shoots from close in, but Drury saves. It started to snow during this period, and the ice is getting slow. The players are being handicapped by the heavy going, they loose the puck frequently, due to the snow on the ice. Just before time, 'A' score again, there is some doubt as to whether Carpenter or Jewkes scored, but the credit was given to the latter.

First period score was 'A' Squadron 3—'B' Squadron 0.

Second Period:—

Ward gets the puck from the face-off, and going in alone, shoots hard but d'Orseunens makes a nice save. It was a nice effort on the part of Ward. 'B' are bucking up a lot, and are forcing 'A' to play a defensive game. The 'A' defence is good, and is giving our forwards a lot of trouble. Jewkes and Ross are dangerous, and need a lot of looking after. 'A' pull off a series of rushes, but only exert themselves for nothing. Their style of play seems to be Jewkes to Ross to Carpenter, the latter possessing a dangerous shot, and the bulk of the shooting seems to be left to him. After 11 minutes of this period, 'B' score their first goal, Black to Galloway to Ward, and the latter made no mistake in his shot from right wing. I doubt if d'Orseunens saw that one. This score makes a hit with the 'B' fans. The team are playing much better and they make much Whooppee. now, and are holding their own with these lads from the Farms. Carpenter earns the first penalty, when he trips Galloway, just as the latter was going nicely. He saved a possible score.

Second Period score—'A' Squadron 3—'B' Squadron 1.

Third Period:—

'B' open this period with a determined attack, they are having a lot of bad luck round the 'A' goal, d'Orseunens is playing a great game. Pinky Green is doing a lot of work, and is trying hard. Last year he was in 'A' Squadron, and last year Munro H. played for 'B' in St. Johns. Ward misses a pass from Galloway close in, and then Galloway goes in alone, but d'Orseunens makes another nice save. The 'B' forwards are doing a lot of work now, and trying hard to score. 'B' now playing a five man attack and are swarming all over the 'A' goal. It is a marvel how that puck keeps out of the 'A' nets. Carpenter breaks away fast, and scores unassisted, there is no defence, and the 'B' team cannot get back in time to stop him. 'B' still playing a five man attack, and are rewarded soon after when Galloway scores from a scramble in front of the 'A' goal. The game has not lost its interest yet, 'B' are liable to do anything. While the

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'B' team are crowding around the 'A' net, Carpenter breaks loose again, and going up alone, scores again. Drury having no chance to save. This takes some of the pep out of the 'B' Team, they are still making every effort to score. Just before time, Carpenter does another Howie Morenz up the ice, for 'A's' sixth and final goal.

'A' Squadron won, because they showed better team play, and a better defence than 'B' Squadron, and the stellar work of d'Orseunens in the 'A' goal was responsible for the smallness of the 'B' Squadron score and kept his team ahead throughout the game.

'B' threatened most in the second

period, and came near to tying the score on several occasions.

Carpenter was the shining light for the visitors, and d'Orseunens played a great game in goal. The defence was able to handle almost anything that came their way, and when attacking were dangerous. The visitors were fortunate in that, when they played their subs, the team was not weakened in any way.

For 'B' Squadron, Galloway and Ward were best. The former came very close to scoring on many occasions, but was outlucked or out-guessed by the doughty 'A' Sq. custodian. Capt. Drury in goal



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that they can duplicate last year's feat of winning the league, but to do so they will have to get some combination working and to a certain extent pass up the individual efforts.

On Sunday, January 19th, the 2nd and 3rd Troops, R.C.D. met and defeated the R.C.R. and R.C.A.M.C. team 2 to 0 in an Inter-troop game. The brand of hockey on a whole was much better than the first league game between the R.C.R. and R.C.A.M.C. and the 1st Troop, R.C.D. The R.C.R. and R.C.A.M.C. team was strengthened considerably by additional players for their second game, and must hereafter be considered a threat for the league leadership.

D'Orsonnens in goal for the 2nd and 3rd Troop put up a good game and made many brilliant saves, Munro for the Dragoons was the outstanding player on the ice for this game. Wesley on the defence for the R.C.R. & R.C.A.M.C. played strong defensive hockey and also made some good rushes. Smith scored the first goal for the 2nd and 3rd Troops midway through the second period when he took a pass out from a scramble in front of the R.C.R. net and lost no time in getting it away to score. The second tally was scored by Hare who gathered a loose puck on the boards and went down to send in a waist-high shot from the side which the R.C.R. goalie had no

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SOLDIERING

By F. W. Powell.

At about ten we passed through St. Omer; a large and prosperous looking town with a very fine railway station and a bridge rather too oversized for the river it traverses. The surrounding country is not unlike parts of Holland. "Umpteen" narrow canals, (irrigation, I presume) dodging in, out, and everywhere. Boats are tied up before every house. Quite picturesque after the desolation seen during the past few months. But as peaceful as it all appears on the surface the people here have troubles too. They tell us that the enemy raided the town last night and killed many nurses. Those accursed planes!

Travelled hard all day. Laddie shows signs of crocking up. This will be most unfortunate for I've become rather attached to this irritating old plug of mine. Halted for the night and for want of something better to do got gloriously tight; a proceeding much regretted the following morning when the journey was resumed. Reached a place called

chance on saving.

The schedule of the Inter-Troop and Platoon League has been changed in order to let the R.C.R. and R.C.A.M.C. team play all their games in a row, as they are losing a couple of their players after the 24th January.

The third league game was played on Wednesday, 22nd January between the 1st Troop, R.C.D. and the R.C.R. and R.C.A.M.C. Once again the 1st Troop emerged victors, this time by the score of 3 to 1. Individually the 1st Troop were best, but as to team play the R.C.R. were a shade better. Lieut. Gillespie in goal for the 1st Troop made many good saves, whilst Williams in goal for the R.C.R. team played a good game and stopped many a shot that to the onlooker was labelled a goal. Carpenter was the best man for the 1st Troop and Jewkes and Robinson also put up a good game. For the R.C.R. Lafond, Wesley and Cameron played good hockey.

Embray where we were told we will remain for a few days before going right back into Winter quarters. The Brigade was spread all over the country and so far distant was the dump that horses were forced again to eat only what we ourselves could pinch or purchase for them. The people of this village were none too sociable. Had seen far too many soldiers already I suppose to be interested in such a scruffy looking bunch as ourselves. There are several estaminets and that's all one can look for when one seems so far removed from all that is clean and orderly. Speaking of cleanliness. We are lousy but this little fact does not prevent the numberless silly inspections that must be held whenever we are settled for more than a day in any one place. This is one of the things that makes me 'kick'. If, instead of worrying so much over the degree of polish on a brass button, they would see that men were clean under the tunic it would avail more. This state of things is no mystery to any who 'was overseas. Polished outside and filthy within. Vile condition. Facilities for bathing in the Winter were never good. In the Summer one can nearly always locate some river or canal in which to wash. Most of the Bath houses were poorly constructed and generally badly managed. Often the very water itself was rationed and one bath-

ed on the fly. Always were they draughty. The sight of a bunch of men bathing together at one of these official cleaning stations made one instinctively thankful for the blessing of clothing which covers such a multitude of sins. At places where clean clothing was exchanged for the grimy stuff men had worn for a few weeks as often as not the "clean" was clean only in appearance. The vitality of lice is astounding. It was only when new underclothing was issued that one was assured of relief from these bothersome insects for a day or two. This is not exactly a savoury subject, I agree but it was a very real problem to we who experienced these conditions.

Bad weather had set in again. "Sunny France" indeed!!!

The days spent at Embray were dull and uninteresting. Rained most of the time. Several inspections were held, several schemes were performed excellently. At least that's what they said. As I've said so often my memory of them is a wild ride over crops—dis-mounting again and repeating the performance, and nausea, until the battle is won. If the good Lord spares me long enough I may yet have the distinction of meeting the one man who derived the least benefit from these all important schemes. Had I been less unintelligent I might have understood, but as it was, all schemes were just about as clear to me as mud. Not for one moment would I dampen the ardour of the sweet young things who to-day are receiving training in the bearing of arms. After a couple of chocolate bars



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and a few glasses of pink lemonade he most probably gets all worked up and takes the things most seriously. Quite right too if he seeks advancement. Come to think of it, it is perhaps my colossal stupidity that made these schemes so vague and futile. This perhaps is the real reason for my notoriety in being about the only man in history who went right through the blinking war without once having the personal gratification of laboriously sewing one stripe at least on my sleeve. How differently things might have turned out if only I had stimulated some interest in these silly performances! Ah, well, too late now for repentance. Perhaps in the next war?

Schemes and inspections were the order of the day. As bad as are the first named, the second is much worse. Never under the most favourable circumstances could my best friend refer to me as a "posh" soldier. But here—with umpteen places selling it and me with the necessary money to purchase, well! I ask you? How I escaped clink every morning of this period at Embray is something I will never understand. The people inspecting would growl menacingly and threaten all sorts of terrible consequences but so far had I got beyond the caring stage that—well, now is too late I felt like apologising to those who permitted me to flourish in my filth.

But for the cheap wine of the country and the vile beer don't know that could be done to break the awful monotony. I admit freely, Madam, that drunkenness is a frightful condition but to my way of thinking, is much preferable to a shooting up party. There must be some outlet to these pent-up feelings. With all due consideration I am forced to voice the personal opinion of myself that it is a good thing we were able to get these periods of forgetfulness at the cost of a franc or two. Now the wives will rise up in righteous indignation over such a statement! We all know that husband of yours would never get drunk were he not so good-natured and sociable. Balderdash! He drinks mainly because he likes it. Drink makes for sociability. It brinks men out of that assumed reserve which so often chills good endeavour. It loosens up his tongue and shows him to his fellows in an altogether

more pleasant light. It robs us of that painfully sober self-consciousness and unfolds traits in a man's character hitherto unknown.

Which will force the thousands of readers to declare that the writer is totally depraved. Far be it from me to deserve this opinion by my actions or my written opinions. You all know there was considerable criticism of the drinking done by men during the war I'm making an endeavour to excuse it. I must not for one moment be supposed that all men spent their lives overseas in a permanent state of intoxication. None had that desire. Even if the desire had been there the opportunity to realize it was absent. Only when in back areas could a fan indulge. Even out there were to be found men who took not a drop of strong drink. Some went so far as to refuse the daily ration of rum which, all must agree was given for its medicinal value. The thought of getting pickled of one's tot of rum is ridiculous. With all these sergeants about there was never the slightest danger of receiving sufficient to induce that happy condition. But that is beside the point. Despite all said to the contrary most thinking men who saw and felt the conditions out there, especially in the Winter, will agree with me that the daily ration of rum was responsible for keeping illness in check, at least. On a raw, wet morning after a night in a wet trench that drink of rum put fresh life into a man and it is as well concerned that the extremists failed in their well-meant but senseless efforts to have rum removed from the daily necessities of the soldier.

I am very much afraid I've rather wandering right away from the subject of soldiering and crave your forgiveness for wasting so much space on so important a subject as drinking in the Army. It is a subject that should be freely discussed but feeling this is neither the time nor the place to go deeply into it will conclude with the bold statement that drink in moderation is good for all men and women, be they "Military or Civil." Excess in anything is bad. Even too many chocolates can be consumed with the result that the tummy is upset and the victim vows fervently "never again" Moderation is what

we want. In our beer or in our lemonade.

And now! what's your f?"

To be continued

Maybe This Isn't So Hot

Shop Assistant (pointing to a row of chicken): "This chicken, ma'am?"
Customer: "No."

"This one?"

"No."

"This one?"

"No."

"Well, let me know when I'm getting warm."

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 22nd at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.

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"THE TRUE STORY OF CHICAGO."

In response to numerous letters from my friends in all parts of the World and also from those that dwell under the shadow or shall I say gloom, of Prohibition, I have at last decided to publish a true picture of life within this great metropolis as I find it, in order that all should realize the great injustice which has been done this fair city by other pen pictures.

Chicago, like many other cities in this and other countries, grew from a small blot into a huge smudge. I cannot, at the moment, remember who discovered Chicago, it may have been Champlain, Cadillac or La Salle or one of the other great auto manufacturers or again it may not. At any rate some person or persons unknown (to the writer) discovered it, many people have assisted in developing it and Capone owns it.

At the beginning of Chicago's transmutation, it was called Fort Dearborn, at least so I am told by the oldest or second oldest inhabitant. This warlike trend has characterized it ever since, the only difference being, that whereas in the old days, the warfare was confined to the environs of the Fort modern times see it transferred to Dearborn Street where pedestrians, banks, theatres, restaurants and gangsters battle to their hearts content. Chicagoans are born fighters; if they resent a thing, they kick about it, and rightly so. It may lead to nought but on the other hand great result have come from 'Kicks.' In the early days of Chicago's growth, an illiterate bovine, possibly surprised in a compromising position, kicked over a lantern to avoid being identified and started a conflagration which nearly wiped out the entire City. Then only recently other cities on the Great Lakes, "kicked" about Chicago using so much water. The result has been stupendous. One hardly ever sees water here now, except in fountains and under bridges and bootleggers have hurried to refute the implication that the Windy City uses too much "Aqua Pura." Indeed had it not been for the 'kicking' against the continuous display of vaudeville's most screaming farce the famous 'Volsted Act'

it would still be running and not have been replaced by the sparkling comedy called "Prohibition."

Chicagoans in all walks of life are proud of their little town and justly so. There is a spirit of friendliness towards strangers and interest in their personal affairs, which cannot be duplicated by any other city or indeed, by any other two cities. As an instance, I may quote from my personal experiences. Only the other day, I stopped at a filling station, for motor cars, not human beings, and asked for some water for the radiator. The attendant, a smart young man, made every effort to make me feel at home and in a very intimate way, leaned through the window and enquired in a soft voice "How is your gas?" Now this knowledge of my ailments was uncanny and only goes to show the intimate knowledge acquired by Chicagoans, so with a cheery "Better Thanks," I drove off. Again, I had a friend who before the Great Market Crash, had purchased an expensive car. He was always complaining of the cost of running it and was possibly overheard by one of the myriads of well wishers who inhabit the City. Anyway, he came out of a barber shop or tonsorial parlor, as they are called in polite society, to find his car gone and a Ford in its place. Where else but in Chicago, could you find such philanthropy?

Chicago abounds in theatrical amusements and has welcomed the "Squawkees" with open arms. The most alluring posters are displayed and accompanying each advertisement, is an intimate forecast of the picture. As an example, I have just taken up the daily paper to scan the "Movie" News and find "Half Way To Heaven" with Buddy Rogers; A Most Immortal Lady" All Talk, and 'The Kiss' Perfect synchronism. Janet Gaynor "Sunnyside Up" and Oh Joy, Alice White in "A Darkened Room." Frankness personified and a great help to Movie Fans.

Of course to a person unfamiliar with the phraseology of the Movies, a conversation involving the titles specified might prove somewhat mystifying; for instance if you were asked "How would you like to see Alice White in a Darkened Room? or Janet Gaynor "Sunnyside Up," I imagine the response would be in the affirma-

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tive. However, that is Chicago's way of helping out the stranger.

Chicago's "Sky Line" is its proud boast and is rapidly increasing in height as its civic administration is increasing the "waste line." In order to obtain a permit to build in Chicago, one has only to select the type of building preferred, refer to other existing buildings in other cities, add a few feet or story's to them and apply for a permit to erect the "largest in the world." Chicago boasts of the largest Park System in the world, the largest Opera House in the world, the largest hotel in the world, the largest Stadium in the world and the largest body of Civic Crafters. Beat that if you can.

Prohibition is strictly enforced in Chicago, reports to the contrary notwithstanding. New Year's Eve was as dry as the Sahara Desert and this information came from Mr. Yellowlee himself, the Federal Enforcement Officer. The Police claim they know where every bottle comes from and where it goes. Realizing the great expense incurred in the effort to enforce the prohibition law, Chicago police have evolved a system by which, cleverly enough, the cost of carrying out the law is born by the law violators themselves. This is done by a somewhat complicated system by which the bootleggers and "speak easy's" subscribe to a police fund, which in its turn, adds

to the stipends of the patrolmen, thus enabling them to more efficiently carry out their work. The system seems to work out very well and everyone seems happy. Not so long ago, in the Loop, Chicago's business centre, thusly named because everything in it is upside down, a large truck containing beer of greater alcoholic content than allowed by Mr. Volstead, broke down spilling bottles on the snowy surface of the street. Immediately a police cordon was drawn around it and while the driver telephoned for another truck, watchful policeman prevented any violation of the law by the citizens of Chicago. When the new truck arrived, the beer was transferred to it and it departed for the West Indies, not a bottle having been consumed within the city precincts. Such is the law.

I cannot close this pen picture, without referring to the so called "Gangland Murders" given such wide publicity in the press of other cities. In Chicago, they are considered items of little interest to the every day citizen. After all, it is a sure and speedy method of removing rivals in a business that is second to none in the United States. If a Bank or Commercial House is being pinched by competition, the usual routine is to cut prices or amalgamate. This is a lengthy and sometimes unsatisfactory process and involves endless data. In the Gangster business, instead of cutting prices, they cut a throat or two, shoot a few bullets into the body in order to afford some work for the new ballistic expert, and the matter is settled. Few outside of immediate families are ever concerned. Gradually, by a process of elimination, the gangs will be cleaned out and then everything will be quiet and serene.

Chicago has sometimes been referred to as the 'City of Divorcees.' People come from all over the country and from other countries to bring their domestic trouble to Chicago's expert judges. Few are disappointed. The Counts are broadminded and the fine old western Chivalry cannot but fail to respond to the pitiful tales of cruelty unfolded by harassed wives. Not so long ago, a well known hostess created a social blunder by giving a dinner party at which no less than three of the ladies were ex-wives of one of the guests. In

the old days the Blue Book contained a list of a man's Clubs immediately below his name. In Chicago, it gives a list of his ex-wives together with his financial rating as an alimony provider. This is an excellent system, and gives prospective brides a clear insight to their future chances of collecting. A prominent Chicagoan has also put forward a resolution to the Federal Income Tax Commission to allow alimony to be classified as under "unproductive investments."

Living in Chicago, one soon becomes imbued with a spirit of helpfulness towards ones fellow citizens and even I have felt this urge. The other day, I was wending my way through the Loop at an early hour of the morning, when a man asked me for a light. As I was reaching for my match box, a large Sedan drew up to the curb and two men alighted. Without a word they poured a volley of bullets into my unknown friend and departed. Seeing that the case was hopeless, I bent over to obtain his dying statement but it was too late. Knowing the hard hearted police would soon arrive, I hastily removed the cigarette from his already stiffening fingers, and transferred a pint of bourbon from his hip pocket. After all I figured, why expose this poor man to the world as a violator of the 18th Amendment, and furthermore, bootleggers or gangsters always carry good liquor.

CAVALRY BARRACKS BADMINGTON

On Saturday afternoon February 8th, the Bedford Badminton Club visited the Barracks, and after some very interesting games, tea was served.

The Cavalry Barracks club hope to play return games at Bedford sometime during the month.

The result of Saturday's games are as follows:

1st Game—Capt. Berteau and Billy Wood—15

Mr. Johnson and Mr. Gough—5.

2nd Game—Mrs. Logan and Mrs. Brown—15.

Mrs. Borden and Mrs. Higginson—2.

3rd Game—Major Logan and Mr. Gillespie—15.

Mr. Russell and Mr. Johnson—10.

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4th Game—Mrs. Gillespie and Mrs. Turney—15.
Mrs. Russell and Mrs. Borden—7.

5th Game—Major Trotter and Miss B. Duval—15.
Mr. Johnson and Miss Higginson—6.

6th Game—Capt. Nicholls and Lt. Coke—15.
Mr. Gough and Mr. Russell—12.

7th Game—Major Cock and Mrs. Berteau 15.
Mrs. Borden and Mr. Johnson—5.

8th Game—Mr. Brown and Major Grant—6.
Mr. Russell and Mr. Johnson—15.

Scotch spinsters, we assume, are the result of fathers who refuse to give the bride away."

BARRACK'S CONCERT PARTY

An entertainment Concert was given for the benefit of the troops, in the Garrison Theatre, Friday night February 14th. Great credit is due to our Garrison talent for a very well rendered programme. The following is the programme:

Mr. Arthur Bryan—Pianoforte Selection—**Splendid**
Tpr. Walter, R.C.D.—Songs—**Very good.**

Tpr. Rowe, R.C.D. and Co.—**"Getting a Drink"**—A lot of **splashing.**

Mrs. Hill and Co.—Quartette—**Very Mild.**

S/Sgt. Hare, R.C.D.—Songs—**A good Irish Song.**

Major Timmis, R.C.D. and Co. **"Seeing Niagara"**—"Good but too wet for comfort.

Intermission

Captain I. Sabourin—Songs—**Good renditions.**

Major Timmis—"The Magic Circle"—An improvement with **mental telegraphy.**

Q.M.S. Ellis, R.C.D. **"Some Old Numbers."**—A good pleasing turn.

"Al Fletcher and Co. **"Spooks"**

Squire Frights—Major R. S. Timmis.

Inspector Watchem—Q.M.S. Ellis, R.C.D.

Sam—Al Fletcher.

Scene—Library in Sir Walter's house.

Time: About 9.30 p.m.—A most amusing skit.

God Save the King

At the Piano: Mr. Arthur Bryan, of Montreal.

Stage Manager: Q.M.S. C. H. Hill, R.C.D.

Stage Carpenter and Electrician: S.S. Cpl. T. Wheeler, R.C.D. Needless to say this was free for all troops and their friends, but it is to be hoped that our next Concert will receive more attendance from those living in Barracks.

INDOOR POLO

Considerable interest is being shown by the members of the Toronto Hunt, Eglinton and the Officers of the Regiment in the Indoor Polo which has been introduced this winter at the Hunt Club. Several evenings a week are being devoted to this sport and at the

present time a series of games are being played by selecting teams representing various colours. It is intended within a few weeks to organize a league between four picked teams and a Trophy has been promised for the winning team with miniatures to the players. Lieutenant C. C. Mann met with what might have been a serious accident by being struck on the head with a Polo stick. As a result he spent several days at Christie St. Hospital, but we are now happy to report that he has completely recovered and is back in the game again.

BONE-KIT INSPECTION

I was lecturing a class of young R.A.M.C. recruits on anatomy at Squire's Gate Camp, Blackpool, in 1916, when an inspecting officer arrived to question the men.

Everything went well at first.

"Where is your tibia (leg-bone)?"—"Here, sir," came the correct answer.

"Now, you there, where is your patella (kneecap)?"—"Here, sir."

"Now, you at the back there, where is your radial?"—"Here,

sir."

Visions of a seven days' leave floated through my mind until the officer's eyes fell on a lanky looking youth—an unnoticed new arrival, who looked puzzled and terrified.

"Now, my lad, stand up and tell me smartly where is your scapula?"

There was no reply.

"Come, come, now where is your scapula?"

For a minute there was tense silence.

Tears trickled down the poor boy's face—and shivers went down my spine—as he pittifully uttered:

"I haven't been issued with one yet, sir; I've only got a knife, fork and spoon."

The Old Comrades Association will hold their Annual Smoker and Re-Union at Stanley Barracks, Toronto on Saturday March 22nd at 8 p.m. Members are requested to make a special effort to be present.



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